

# Ad-Visor

Conducted by Samuel Hopkins Adams.

This department is devoted to separating the sheep of advertising from the goats—and hanging a bell on the goats. It deals with a very serious topic in a way that is not too serious. Its honest endeavor will be to answer with fairness, either in print or, where that is inexpedient, by private letter, all fair questions about advertisements, while reserving the right to plead ignorance when that is the right answer. It asks nothing for its services except the confidence of its correspondents in giving their names and addresses, a confidence which will never be violated. Please state clearly whether you prefer to have your name withheld from answers printed here. No unsigned communications will be read. Address: The Ad-Visor, The Tribune, New York.

Herewith the Ad-Visor makes his introductory bow, and takes his position as a fair target for questions. To the Tribune-reading public his invitation may be compressed into and comprised in a single word.

## SHOOT!

Lead your gun with complaints, with queries, with criticisms; any kind of ammunition is proper so long as it has to do with advertising or advertised merchandise.

Not that this department will always wait for questions. Occasionally it will speak up on its own initiative. As one of the purposes is to warn, this will be necessary. If you stand on the streets and see a pick-pocket rifling a citizen's clothing, you don't wait for the victim to turn to you and say, "What's going on in my pocket?" You speak up while there's a chance of spoiling the operation.

So will the Ad-Visor. If our ingenious-minded hatters continue to forget the lessons of geography and paste "imported" labels in Connecticut-made hats, we shall feel at liberty to mention the fact without waiting for somebody to stick a pin in us. If fake "Goodyear" raincoat companies, trading on an honest and honorable name, shift from one address to another, but keep on in the same old line of selling sprinkling-pot garments as "rain-proof," we shall follow them by scent, as it were, and not exclusively on call. And the next cancer or consumption cure which our too hospitable contemporaries help to advertise may be assured of brief mention as soon as we notice it. Also, as we shall not be hesitant about criticizing, neither shall we refrain from praising, although well we know that one "boost" is likely to arouse more protest (from rivals) than ten knocks from the victims. Bouquets will be kept in stock as well as bricks.

But primarily the Ad-Visor's business in life is to give advice when it's asked for. There are but four general conditions attached to the question-answering services of this department.

- 1st. That the questions be fair in spirit.
- 2d. That they have to do with advertising or advertised merchandise.
- 3d. That they call for expression of such opinions only as can be based upon actual and ascertainable facts.
- 4th. That the name and address of the writer be given, with the understanding that it shall be held confidential if so stipulated.

Within these limits, the Ad-Visor, backed by The Tribune's Bureau of Investigations, will do its best to satisfy all inquirers, either through this column or by private reply.

Once again, readers of The Tribune, Shoot!

"Your idea of 'value' is not just the same as given in the dictionary. 'Commercial value' is that for which a thing can be sold, is the dictionary's interpretation of the word. You see, this is quite different from the definition you give.

Standards change faster than dictionaries can follow. If the definition quoted by Mr. Holbrook is correct, then the value of the gold brick which my up-state neighbor, Henry Durkin, bought from an able advertiser some eight years ago, is \$1,250; but it would be difficult, at this date, to persuade Henry of the fact with a pile of dictionaries ten feet high. Perhaps the gold-brick artist might hold a different view. But gold-brick artists do not establish our trade actions nowadays. Not as a comprehensive definition, but as a general principle, The Tribune's rule, "The value of an article is determined by the price at which it can be replaced," is reasonably accurate and stands on a basis of fair dealing to both buyer and seller.

"I think the worst advertising parasite is one who will prey on sufferers from cancer. If the attached ad is of one who stands in their class you will be doing the world a blessing to expose him. Where does he belong in the list?"

CLIFTON S. WADY,

"Editor Pacific Printer and Publisher."

The advertisement enclosed is by the notorious and scoundrelly "Dr. and Mrs. Chamley & Co.," who, under various names, have been the object of fraud orders issued by the Postoffice Department. Again and again their deadly trade, with its slogan, "A Lump in Woman's Breast Is Cancer," has been exposed, but thanks to the terrible power of printer's ink, their advertisements still draw. Fewer and fewer newspapers now accept their kind of "business." There are but two, possibly three, dailies in Greater New York published in the English language which would accept the Chamley money, and publish the Chamley lure. Mr. Wady's estimate of the cancer-cure parasite is quite correct, and Chamley, or Chamley, as he formerly called himself, is at the bottom of the shameful list.

"The appearance in The Tribune of the vicious advertisement of the Anti-Vaccination League of America, reeking with untruths, must have come with a great shock to all like myself who have acclaimed with enthusiasm the high standard of truthfulness recently adopted by your excellent paper. I should like to ask how your Mr. Samuel Hopkins Adams can defend your publication of such intentional mis-statement."

"WILLIAM T. POWER, M. D."

Herein is raised an interesting and difficult question in the ethics of journalism; how far should a newspaper censor the arguments of propaganda advertising? In my own opinion, the campaign of the anti-vaccinationists makes for ignorance, suffering, and a higher death-rate. But to many honest and well-intentioned people vaccination is anathema. Should a newspaper which is, in a sense, a public forum, deny them a hearing? My correspondent might, conceivably, regard Mahometanism as a dangerous and subversive cult. Would he, therefore, expect his newspaper, even though it held similar views, to reject the paid announcements of Mahometan services in New York? Even the hardest high-trait Republican would scarcely demand that The Tribune, itself a protectionist newspaper, should decline the campaign advertising of the Democratic party. Somewhere the line must be drawn. But where? Upon this point the Ad-Visor would be glad of advice.

Many, various and fervid are the comments on the Ad-Visor's desk regarding this paper's attitude on beer and ale advertising. The Tribune's position is simple; that beer and ale are beverages, not medicines, upholders of the human system or wonder-working tonics, and that the advertising of them on the latter basis is false and misleading. Many readers object to our advertising the malt drinks at all; some brewers object quite as strenuously to our criticizing the malt drinks at all. Now comes one correspondent, whose name is omitted at his request, with an earnest testimonial for the beverages whose "health-product" advertising I criticized. "... Both milk and beer are products of the same raw materials. ... My experience leads me to disregard your article as injudicious. A friend informed me that his wife's life was prolonged by the use of Ale and Porter. Others say, after drinking a glass or two of Beer they can sleep soundly, and in a number of cases it avoids [sic] constipation."

The reasoning is a bit loose-jointed. Both crow and chicken are reducible to the same "raw materials," but I have never yet heard the former highly praised as an article of diet. I know a man whose wife's life was saved by cutting off her leg, but he didn't, on that account, favor amputation as a general practice. In some rare cases beer might increase appetite or correct constipation; the human organism exhibits astonishingly various reactions. But it is not recognized by experts as a medical agency for these purposes. The beer-advocate draws vast generalizations from infinitesimal premises. Of such logic are patent medicine testimonials born.

## LAWYER ACCUSES BRYAN

Leon Says He Has "Made Himself Tool of Germany."

That William J. Bryan has turned the diplomacy of the United States topsy-turvy, and is convincing nobody but Germans now was asserted yesterday by Maurice Leon, a lawyer, of 60 Wall Street.

"Thus," Mr. Leon said, "Mr. Bryan is the main factor for war between us and Germany. His harping upon achievements for peace and the failure of the press to give him due credit for his treaties of arbitration is ludicrous in view of the known facts. There was a time when as Secretary of State he might have done something for the cause of peace, but I doubt he had more pressing business in those days. Instead he hushed up the tool of Germany in her effort to achieve the purpose of her submarine blockade by using the government in the scheme to force Great Britain to forego a legal foodstuff embargo in consideration of the withdrawal of an illegal 'war zone' decree."

## SIEGEL TO FACE BOSTON WARRANT ON HIS RELEASE

Will Be Taken to Bay State for Trial on Many Bank Failure Indictments.

When Henry Siegel finishes his term of ten months in the county jail at Rochester he will find a Boston officer representing District Attorney Joseph C. Pelletier waiting to take him to Boston for trial on secret indictments found against him more than a year ago.

There are several indictments, and in all 150 counts. Each count covers a separate offense.

When these indictments were voted against Siegel and his dead partner, Frank E. Vogel, both were under arrest in New York, and there was no chance to get action until the District Attorney's office here was "through with them." It is understood Mr. Whitman even advised against the indictment of the bankers, on the ground that the case against them in New York was so strong that the question of their going to Massachusetts could not for a moment be considered. The indictments, however, were obtained as a precautionary measure and have been left slumbering in pigeonholes. The failure of the New York authorities to make the felony charges stand, what was felt to be the inadequacy of the sentence imposed on the charge on which he was found guilty and his failure to reimburse investors in part led to Mr. Pelletier's decision to take action.

Notice to this effect will be served upon the New York authorities and counsel for Siegel have been notified to be ready.

Compared to the New York bank of Henry Siegel & Co., the Boston bank was almost microscopic in size. At the time it failed it had only \$75,000 in its assets. On this a dividend of 12 1/2 per cent was paid about a year ago. The bank operated in a somewhat different manner than that in New York, the law requiring the elimination of the savings bank character of the New York institution. This was responsible for the small amount on deposit.

## BLAME CITY MURDER ON POLICE INABILITY

Bureau of Inquiry Denounces Woods' Methods and Calls on Mayor for Action.

The Police Department of New York is powerless to check the unparalleled wave of wholesale killings which has made murder one of the safest crimes to commit in the city, according to an open letter to Mayor Mitchell from the Bureau of City Inquiry. In this communication, which William Bullock, director of the bureau, made public yesterday, the Mayor is confronted with a list of thirty-one of the seventy-nine murders committed in the Greater City since January 1, in which the police have totally failed to track the murderers. This list does not include eight infanticides within the same five months, five of which remain unsolved.

The Bureau called attention to the present inefficiency of the Police Department in checking crime in a letter to Norman Hapgood, chairman of the Committee of One Hundred, and to the Mayor on April 24. The situation has not materially improved since then, the Bureau believes. In inviting the Mayor's personal attention to the Police Department, their letter read:

"The situation as it stands to-day shows the Police Department practically impotent to check wholesale killings or apprehend murderers, and this problem is of a gravity comparable to the Bureau of City Inquiry once more to call your attention to police failure and urge action on your part for remedying a condition threatening every citizen and putting a blot on the city. The Police Department is a responsibility resting particularly on the Mayor. Scores of murderers are walking the streets to-day unmolested."

Twelve reasons, all reflecting on the policies inaugurated by Police Commissioner Woods, are assigned for the present inefficiency of the police.

## GAS KILLS MOTHER AND 2 CHILDREN

Husband on Return from Vacation Finds Bodies Few Minutes After Death.

Mrs. Adele Moore and her two young daughters were found dead yesterday morning in their apartment at 83 St. Nicholas Place. Their bodies were discovered by William Moore, the husband and father, on his return from a week's vacation in Boston. An open jet on the gas stove in the bathroom explained the cause of the deaths.

From the position of the bodies it was evident that Mrs. Moore had just finished giving Beatrice, five and Adele, three years old, their bath, when ill were overcome.

Moore turned off the gas and summoned Patrolman Washburn, who arrived in a hurry call to the Washington Heights Hospital. Dr. Rosenberg, who responded, found the children dead, and worked over the woman an hour in vain effort to revive her.

## FOURTEEN HURT WHEN CAR RAMS BROOKLYN TRAIN

Ten Taken to Hospital as Police Reserves Fight to Quell Panic.

## 3 ARE DROWNED; STORM IMPERILS MANY

Automobile Crashes Injure Score Woman, in Smash, Worries Over Dog.

Fourteen were injured last night when a Vanderbilt Avenue car smashed into the rear of a Culver train, bound for Coney Island, at the Van Sien station. All the injured were on the trolley car. The car left the track, and in the darkness which followed a panic prevailed. Some of the more seriously injured are:

Almeister, Mrs. Eva, 855 Tremont Avenue, The Bronx, abrasions and fractured right leg.

Araskog, Albert, 93 Lawrence Avenue, Brooklyn, left hip broken, right hip fractured.

Donnelly, Daniel, Ocean Parkway and Kings Highway, Brooklyn, abrasions and possible internal injuries.

Grimm, Miss Dora, 418 Bloomfield Street, Hoboken, possible fracture of left leg and internal injuries.

Grimm, Mrs. Ella, 418 Bloomfield Street, Hoboken, abrasions and possible fracture of the skull.

Prasch, Mrs. Anna, 144 St. Mark's Avenue, Brooklyn, abrasions and possible internal injuries.

Ten were taken to Coney Island Hospital and four refused to go to the hospital.

At the Van Sien station several trolley lines use the tracks of the Culver line. A three-car Culver train was halted by the semaphores at the station when the Vanderbilt Avenue car, in charge of Charles Wilmet, motorman, and James Brady, conductor, came behind it.

Wilmet threw on his brakes, but the rails were slippery, he said, and the car slid. It struck the rear of the train, throwing Wilmet and Brady into the air. The car, which was carrying a woman and a child, was smashed.

The Vanderbilt Avenue car left the rails. Its trolley pole slipped the wire, bobbing up and down with an accompaniment of vivid electric flashes. There was silence for a moment and then shrieks and cries as the frightened passengers in the trolley car, most of whom were injured, tried to get out. It was an old-style open car, and exit was comparatively easy save for the more seriously hurt.

## Three Drowned; Many Put in Peril by Storm

Three persons were drowned and a half-dozen near drowning yesterday in the bay and near New York City. Several were placed in peril when the boats in which they were sailing on the bay or rivers carried the elements of a heavy rain and the thunderstorm late yesterday afternoon.

Harold Score, ten years old, of 28 Leroy Street, New York City, was drowned while swimming in the Hudson River near Hastings.

Alfred Baillet, fourteen, of 345 Fifty-second Street, Brooklyn, was drowned last evening, when the swell of a passing motor boat upset the rowboat in which he and two companions were seated.

While bathing at Ulmer Park yesterday afternoon Adolph Bergerson, of 342 Fifty-fourth Street, Brooklyn, was seized with cramps and drowned. His body was recovered from the water by Otto Peterson, of 357 Fifty-third Street, Brooklyn, Bergerson's brother-in-law, and recovered the body, towing it to shore.

Early yesterday morning, as the tugboat Radnor came up the bay, a woman was seen to leap into the water from the stern of a ferryboat. She was rescued and taken to the City Hospital, Jersey City, where she gave her name as Carlotta Bianchetta. She said that she was homeless and had attempted suicide for that reason.

Two members of the Active Boat Club, Woodcliff, N. J., saved three boys from drowning yesterday afternoon when the rowboat which the boys hired for an afternoon's sail capsized about 200 feet from shore.

John Kinsinger and Herbert Kornahren, the rescuers, were at the clubhouse when they heard shouts for help out on the river. They saw three boys clinging to an overturned boat and yelling lustily for aid. They ran to the rescue, and in another boat and soon had the boys ashore. They said they were Edward Goran, twelve, of 307 West Forty-seventh Street; Frederick Miller, fourteen, of 322 West Forty-seventh Street; and John Callon, eleven, of 600 Ninth Avenue.

## Almost Score Hurt in Auto Accident

Automobiles injured almost a score of people in and about New York City yesterday.

Two cars were completely wrecked and their drivers narrowly escaped serious injury in a collision at Palisade Avenue and Twentieth Street, West New York, N. J., yesterday afternoon. Oscar L. Mills, of Woodcliff, N. J., was driving his car down a steep hill on Palisade Avenue when George Corth, of Twentieth Street and Palisade Avenue, West New York, drove in front of him in Twentieth Street.

With a crash that was heard for blocks, Corth's car was hurled into the sidewalk and against an iron fence surrounding the property of St. Joseph's Church. Dr. Roberts came with an ambulance from North Hudson Hospital and found Corth badly fractured two ribs and received numerous cuts about the face and body. Mills escaped with a dislocated elbow. There were no passengers in either car. When Mrs. Frederick Mateo, of Poughkeepsie, was rolled under an automobile by an accident at Whaley Lake, back of Cold Spring, yesterday she was badly hurt. The car was driven by a poodle dog that her broken arm and dislocated shoulder. The dog escaped unhurt.

## Yvonne Gouraud, 16, Quits Mother; May Wed Prince, Broadway Hears



Prince Alexandre Mishnikoff and Mrs. Jackson Gouraud (at top). (In oval), Miss Yvonne Gouraud, adopted daughter of Mrs. Gouraud.

Adopted Daughter of Noted Bohemian Denies She's Rival of Parent for Affections of Russian, but He's Her Constant Escort to Gay Resorts.

When Mrs. Jackson Gouraud leaves for Europe next month she will not only be minus Prince Alexandre Mishnikoff, to whom she was supposed to have been married in London more than a year ago, and from whom she separated a month ago, but her adopted daughter Yvonne as well. Yvonne is now with the Baroness Beckendorff, better known in New York under her stage name of Gertrude Barrett, and plans to stay with her.

Yvonne, who is sixteen and pretty, is living in the Beckendorff apartment at the Peter Stuyvesant, in Riverside Drive. The prince, declared by the Russian Embassy not to be a member of the Russian nobility, has a furnished room in the house 214 Riverside Drive, a few blocks away. He spends much of his time at the Beckendorff apartment and about town with Yvonne, who acts as his interpreter, he commanding no English.

Yvonne denied yesterday that there was any truth in the reports that she expected or intended to marry Mishnikoff. "I have heard that I was the reason that mamma and the prince became poor friends, but that is not so," she declared yesterday. "I do not know what they differed about, but it was not me."

"Why, it's nonsense to talk about me marrying him or any other foreigner. I just hate foreigners. I want a good American or an English boy for mine when it comes my time to be married. It's the last thing I would think of, marrying him."

"Because he is already married to Mrs. Gouraud."

"Oh, no; they are not married."

## Smoke of Burning Plant Gives Edison an Idea Worth Millions

Llewellyn Park Wonder Worker Watches Flames Destroying His Factory, Then Invents Lamp Whose Ray Cuts Vapors Like Knife—War Agents Leave Big Orders.

West Orange, N. J., June 27.—Even the sight of the flames as they were burning out his great works here on the night of December 9 inspired in the brain of Thomas A. Edison the idea for a new invention, and the result became known to-day, when announcement was made at his laboratory of the perfection of a fireman's lamp which, it is estimated, will save millions of dollars worth of property annually by cutting off its smoke penetrating ability.

Mr. Edison viewed the progress of the flames that ate out the heart of his mammoth plant here from the seventh floor of his storage battery building. When one of his employees came to him with word that it would be impossible to save some glass jars containing several thousand dollars worth of uncut diamonds for use in the diamond disk phonograph Mr. Edison is reported to have said:

"Have the flames reached the phonograph building yet?"

"No."

"Then, why can't you save those diamonds?"

"The smoke is too thick. A couple of us have been in there groping around, but can't find the jars."

Turning to his wife after the employees had left, Mr. Edison declared that smoke must be overcome at fires, and it was then that he conceived the idea of constructing the lamp now perfected. Before he went home that night he had drawn a rough design. From that time on experiments were carried on continually and a large amount of money expended on them.

The lamp has been tested for the last week and found to be the most powerful portable electric light of its size and kind ever constructed. The tests have been carried on at a few local fires, in the "fume room" of the Edison chemical works at Silver Lake, in the boiler rooms filled with steam and other places, and the results have exceeded expectations.

## "IF I GO I WILL BE KICKED OUT," SAYS OSBORNE

As Lambs Gambol Warden Wins Cheers by Declaring He Won't Resign.

## PRISON'S 1,700 SEE STAGE STARS SHINE

Tears Over Patter of Little Shoes Turn to Bat at Sing Sing.

Warden Thomas Mott Osborne told his boys up at Sing Sing last night that as far as he was concerned there would be no resigning. "If I go, I will be kicked out," he said. And the applause, cheers and yowling of feet which greeted the warden's announcement just about equalled the combined greetings extended to Broadway stars in the Lambs' Gambol.

The veiled reference to reports of friction between Superintendent Riley and the organizer of the "Mutual Welfare League" came as a serious anticlimax to an evening of entertainment such as only the Lambs can furnish. Fifty of them motored up to Ossining in the afternoon and gave two performances for the 1,700 inmates.

After a new "movie" by "Rube" Goldberg had concluded the first show, Gus Weinburg as official announcer, said that there was one more "star" to be introduced before the intermission.

"Thomas Mott Osborne!" yelled Gus, and the warden appeared, his white duck trousers making him unusually conspicuous as he faced the spotlight. The men prolonged their applause for him until he took out his watch with a suggestion of impatience. Then everything became quiet.

"I would like to ask our guests to be sure and inspect the work of the knitting class here before they leave the prison," he began in a matter-of-fact sort of tone. "I want to thank the Lambs on behalf of the men for this entertainment. I promise them that, whenever they feel like trying it out on the dog, we hope they will come up here."

"Perhaps some of you have been seeing things in the newspapers recently," continued the warden, as he stepped nearer to the front of the stage, as though he would take the entire audience into his confidence. "Well, we've got so we don't believe much that we see in the newspapers about Sing Sing. Keep up the habit, boys!" A roar of laughter and applause interrupted him.

"Just a word seriously about the Mutual Welfare League. You all know what it means, and these friends who have entered us to-night will soon learn what it means to us. We know that it amounts to something when we are in smooth water. The question is what will happen to it when we get into rough water. You know as well as I that there are many influences outside Sing Sing that are working against us. With the help of the men in the league, however, and the assistance of the people who want to see the right thing done we ought to win out."

"As far as I'm concerned there will be no resigning. I won't go until I am kicked out. There was plenty of punch and kick in the warden's last two sentences."

When the Lambs arrived at Ossining they were met by the prison band and escorted to Warden Osborne's home, where luncheon was served. During a tour of the prison plant which followed several of the actors who have made Broadway smile for years sat in the electric chair, and one went so far as to ask to have the straps adjusted. With a Corbinian's scowling, the rosters the Sing Sing men went down to defeat before the All Stars of Tarrytown, score 5 to 0.

At 8 p. m., when Wilton Lackaye stepped down behind the curtain to say a few words to the prisoners, he faced an audience of 750 men, comfortable in their shirtsleeves of gray or white. If he noticed the white pillars with Corbinian's scowling, leaves at the top, the electric fan purring a refreshing breeze from the rear of the chapel, and did not notice the stained glass windows, he might have imagined that he was in a small theater. But behind the panes of glass of different colors were nine, slim bars in each window.

Mr. Lackaye explained that William Courtleigh, shepherd of the Lambs, had decided that discretion was the better part of valor, and had refused to come to Sing Sing, not knowing when he could return. "We half hope that our entertainment will not make you wish us to stay here. It is a comfort to see when the four warden is doing for you, and we are all watching this campaign of humanity, which will have great influence on other institutions of this kind."

Howard Estabrook started off the programme with a little song that went right to hearts of more than one man in that attentive audience.

"The world may hit you, but it can't knock you down, If there's some one at home that you love."

was the refrain, and at his reference to the "patter of little shoes," here and there a man would shift his head from a cuffed position back of his head to his eye. Jack Hazard and Percival Knight told some stories and Ed Rooney made a big hit with his dog dancing.

De Wolf Hopper, "the biggest baseball bug in the Lambs," recited his classic "Casey at the Bat." Next came Eddie Foy with six younger Foy's marching along behind him and the seventh midge Foy in a carpet bag marked "Paradise." "If I lived in Ossining, it would be a city, wouldn't it, boys?" inquired Eddie, and the boys shouted their approval.

Frank Croton, assisted by Scott Welch, Frank Hays, Harrison Brockbank, John Willard, George Len Moore and Robert Hosen gave a musical number and five other Lambs acted. Rei Cooper Megreue's sketch called "The Sam Old Thing." After this act came rapid-fire cartoons sketched by Tom Powers, Winsor McKay, George McManus, R. L. Goldberg and Joseph Keegan. Mr. McKay's motion picture introducing him as trainer of "Gerrie," the prehistoric monster, and a new Goldberg picture ended the programme for the first half of Sing Sing's population.

As they marched back to their cells, the prison band was playing to decide the curiosity of the other half who had just finished their evening meal in the mess hall. And the generous Lambs started their entertainment all over again at 8:30 as soon as another audience of like description had taken seats on stools in the chapel.

Strike up the Band, Here comes a Sale—

2653 Boys' Suits—our entire stock of fancy mixtures, Norfolk and Double Breasted. Sizes 7 to 16.

393 were \$8.50.  
314 were \$9.50.  
370 were \$10.50.  
148 were \$12.50.  
120 were \$14.50.  
\$6.50 now.

199 were \$10.50.  
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ROGERS PEET COMPANY  
Broadway at 13th St. "The Four Corners" Fifth Ave. at 41st St.  
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